

The  
Frances Shimer  
Record

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December, 1916

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Mount Carroll, Illinois

## Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

### FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ..... dollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within ..... months after my decease.

### FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.



# The Frances Shimer Record

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## A Week in Arequipa

BY SARAH MACKAY AUSTEN '02

There were many delightful days and weeks during the South-American journey it was my privilege and pleasure to take in 1915, but the days in Arequipa, in the interior of Peru, stand out to me now, with my eighteen months' perspective, as the most delightful of them all. We had left Lima, with its historic interest and its heat, and after a two days' journey on a wretched Chilean boat came to Mollendo. Picture a village dropped on the arid, sandy wastes of bleak, barren hills, rising almost directly from the ocean, with no vegetation of any sort (if one or two dusty, scraggly palms may be excepted), and nothing but dust, sand, and sun. Yet it is a port of importance on the West Coast, as one of the points of entrance and exit to the interior of Peru.

We were fortunate in having arrived the day the train went up into the mountains, for it runs only on alternate days, and so we were spared a night in the squalid one-story, dirty "Grand Hotel Terrocarril," for hotels are always "grand" hotels, no matter how impossible they may be. The journey from Mollendo to Arequipa, Mr. Bryce has described in his "South America" as vividly as it could be described, yet any word picture is totally inadequate. To me it was more beautiful than the famous Trans-Andean journey from Chile to Buenos Aires. About eight at night it was, as I remember, that we reached our destination, after having had a glorious sunset for the last hour or more, to enhance the beauty of the snow-clad mountains and the cliffs of the canyons, with their exquisite pastel coloring.

After various bargains, we finally secured an open coach to take us to our hotel, and away we tore over rough cobblestones, more exhausted each second with bumps, an excess of scenery, and—prosaic but true—hunger. To come from intense heat directly to an altitude of almost eight thousand feet, exhilarating to an intense degree; to drop down into an English hotel and to find real English and American people, and, above all, to have real English food after months of Spanish viands only—it was literally heavenly.

When we retired for the night, we were lulled to sleep by a babbling brook near by. This was surely music to our ears, for we had scarcely seen or drunk any water for almost six weeks. We were awakened the following morning by the entrance of a real Indian maid, whom we instantly dubbed Minnehaha, who brought us hot toast, marmalade, and Peruvian coffee. Never did anything taste so good. Right from my bed I had my first view of El Misti, the wonderful snow-clad volcano,



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still active, some 23,000 feet high, as I recall it, a perfect cone. One loves it instantly. My first view of it was in the sparkling morning sunlight. Close to my barred window was a high adobe wall over which hung clinging vines with one huge red rose, and El Misti far beyond—it was lovely. The murmuring brook of the night before proved to be the asequia, or open sewer, but the poetry of the first impression remained, notwithstanding.

The days that followed this first morning were busy and delightful. We watched the sunrise and the sunset, each day, from the housetop, and learned to love more and more El Misti, and Pichu Pichu and Chachani, the two snow-clad ranges on either side. The sunsets of the West Coast are generally conceded to be among the most beautiful anywhere in the world, and truly they were wonderful, beyond and surpassing one's wildest dreams. The marvelous colorings are said to be due to the excessive dryness of the atmosphere, for along the West Coast there is an area over a thousand miles in length where it never rains.

The setting of Arequipa itself is quite perfect; the city is on a plateau, through which runs the Chile River. Towering above it are these snow-clad mountains, and El Misti, from which a thin column of smoke may be seen issuing almost constantly—these form a background of marvelous beauty at every turn, and especially for the new Cathedral on the Plaza, which is a large and imposing structure. There are many, many churches. Arequipa was at one time the stronghold of Catholicism for all Peru, and still maintains much of this power. Even now there is scarcely any time during the day or early evening when the chimes from some church may not be heard. One old cathedral was particularly interesting, for the whole façade was of solid stone, hand carved, dating back to 1698.

We visited the market often, and that was always of absorbing interest. The native Indian men often wore their gay-colored panchos, and many of the Indian women wore their hair in braids, and some had their papooses strapped on their backs. Just at the edge of the market I saw one woman grinding corn by hand, another selling pieces of cooked meat or potatoes, and all were squatting on the ground about their wares. Within the market proper one could buy anything from fresh fish, seeds, and beans to panchos. We spent several half-days in buying our panchos at a native shop, and it was one constant battle for a reduction in price. One never pays the price that is first demanded—all buying in the Latin-American countries that we visited is done in this way. When we had finally purchased some eight of them, we carried them home. We noticed every one staring at us, but went innocently



on our way, to find upon reaching the hotel that one never is seen carrying anything, not even the tourist bundle. Our breach of etiquette was unspeakable. There is a street-car system—one gets smallpox if one uses it—we rode twice and escaped. The whole city was so unusual; the natural setting was so ideal, and the primitiveness of the native people and their mode of living so unlike our own that one was carried into another world. For example, in the exclusively Indian portion of the city, there is no attempt at any sanitation of any kind, and the odors are literally unbelievable, the squalor indescribable. In the main portion of the city, the open sewers are a decided improvement, though far from sanitary.

We caught the early morning train back to Mollendo, loath to leave our sunsets and our good American friends, to get the big British boat "Oronsa." When we reached our destination we found the sea so high we could not get into the rowboats which were to lighter us out. So, as though to cap the climax of a perfect week with a final thrill, we were lowered by a locomotive crane into a boat dancing on the waves beneath. Finally, after a ride over waves which often seemed to me as high as El Misti, we reached the good ship and with one "fletero" pushing and one pulling me, I gave a wild leap and chanced to land on the steps. Thus ended my quite perfect week.

### Riley among Strangers, Riley among Friends

By JEANNETTE PATTERSON, College '18

"Who's hyer?" some one in heaven cried  
From back of that far-shining gate,  
The very night that Riley died,  
To some one outside, knocking late.

"Who's hyer?" And he, the man from earth,  
Of Hoosier dialect, outside,  
Quite modest of his human worth,  
Stammered and then at last replied:

"I—I'm the Hoosier-man who said:  
'If such a thing could be  
As the Angels wantin' boardin'  
And they'd call around on me—  
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all,  
The whole indurin' flock—  
When the frost is on the punkin  
And the fodder's in the shock.'"



As 'twere a Hoosier cabin door,  
The gate was opened by the Lord—  
And there the stranger stood before  
The Angels he'd agreed to "board."

"You've entertained us unaware,"  
They said, "and now we give you here  
What you were ready there to share  
With us each autumn of the year."

Then spoke the Lord when they had ceased:  
"For inasmuch as you," said He,  
"Have sung your poems to the least,  
You've sung them also unto Me."

He called the trav'ler by his name,  
As if He'd known him long before,  
And helped him, seeing he was lame,  
"Then took him in and shut the door."

This poem by John Finley, which was read at a memorial in honor of James Whitcomb Riley, illustrates well one characteristic of Riley, his modesty. This quality was so pronounced that it bordered upon backwardness when Riley was among strangers. He hated being "lionized," because he knew that he was not at his best, but rather at his worst, at such a time. "I stand on one foot," he complained once to a friend, "and then on the other foot. And I don't know what to say."

His intimate friends understood this lack of ease among strangers so well that they seldom tried to show him off. However, there was one occasion when even his best friends conspired against him in behalf of a physician from southern Illinois. Because he had just published a book of boy life in the country, rich in such human nature as Riley loved best, they thought him a worthy candidate for the honor of Riley's acquaintance. The plan was to introduce this stranger into a small circle of friends with whom Mr. Riley was so much at ease that he might forget the presence of one stranger. The stranger was introduced; then everyone started subjects which they thought might lure Mr. Riley from his silence. But their efforts were of no avail; he still remained silent. His friends were getting desperate. At last some one began talking about *Hamlet*, which was then being played in Indianapolis. "I'd like to see *Hamlet* played by a fair-haired Dane," said one friend, "I'm tired of brunette melancholy." "Or by a fat man," another interposed. And so on. It was all very much forced, but



Riley's reticence had made them all self-conscious. At last some one took courage and addressed his question directly to Mr. Riley. "How would *you* like to see Hamlet played?" he asked. Mr. Riley hesitated as if considering, and then answered, "I'd like to see it played by a picked nine." That was all the satisfaction that the man who had idolized him from afar received.

Although a poet of childhood, Riley was as ill at ease with children as he was with grown-ups. He was delighted by the memories of his own childhood, but he was easily disturbed by the behavior of flesh and blood youngsters. One reason for his lack of ease among children was that he remembered from his own experience the aloofness and dignity of a child's mind. He once said that it made him shrink and shrivel to see people pounce upon a strange child and expect instant intimacy from it. His fear that he might appear to the children as bungling as the rest of the adults would, made him shy among them.

Although Riley was shy and reticent among strangers, he was very different when among his friends. Here we find many examples of the same dry humor which is found in his poems, and which gives them much of their charm. There is one story about him as a guest of Mrs. Humphrey Ward at a time when she was interested in the mysteries of the planchette or the ouija-board. The story ran that upon being asked from whom he would like a message, Mr. Riley at once answered, "Charles Lamb." Thereupon he put his hands on the little table, as directed; it began to move about among the letters of the alphabet printed on the underlying board. To Mrs. Ward's distress it picked out a string of consonants from which no possible word could be formed. She apologized to Mr. Riley for the ouija's misbehavior, whereupon he looked surprised and then answered, "Why, that's all right; Lamb stuttered, you know."

At another time Riley was being questioned by a friend as to the truth of a story which was being told about him. The story was that when a young man Riley had fallen desperately in love with Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and that, because of his failure to win her, he had vowed himself to bachelorhood. Riley is said to have listened patiently to the end of the story and then to have answered, "That's a very interesting story, and it's all perfectly true—except that I never saw the woman."

From such examples as the above, taken from the personal side of James Whitcomb Riley's life, we learn that the Riley who was among friends was very different from the Riley who was among strangers. To strangers he appeared modest, and at times even backward, but to his



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friends, who had penetrated his outer nature, he appeared bereft of his shyness and filled with a sense of dry humor, which was likely to burst forth at any time.

### In Spring

BY KATHRYN SEARS

Spring fever and any such relaxed attitude toward life is considered bad; as a consequence any person who allows such a feeling to get the best of him is lazy, care-free, and indifferent, we are told. Such a person lacks ambition, is dull, and misses the real value and joy of living. This is the general attitude taken by mankind where the individual who revels in day dreaming is concerned.

I, for one, however, rather relish this day-dreaming feeling which often comes over me, especially in the springtime, and if I cannot recognize it, giving it fair play and full swing, I am consequently depressed and unhappy. If all persons felt as I do in the springtime and experienced as much pleasure in being lazy, I feel that they, too, would like to join me, casting books, play, friends, and work aside.

At such a time I yearn for a cool, quiet resting-place, in the shade of some large tree, and by the side of a babbling brook. The sound of the brook is wonderfully soothing in the out-of-doors and chases away all of the things which I do not wish to think about. I see the broad expanse of blue sky overhead and watch the white, fleecy clouds afloat away up there and wonder and imagine what can be back of those clouds and what it would be like to be sailing on one in the beautiful sea of blue. Sometimes I can watch the flight of some bird across the sky and see it go soaring to a great height into the clouds and then come floating down with wings outspread to some distant tree top; and I hear the twittering of birds just above my head, and I gaze up into the tree above me and see the birds flying to and fro, with sticks and straws in their beaks, with which to build their summer nests. Sometimes in spring I can look off in one direction over an orchard full of the beautiful pink and white blossoms, which the children jump up into the air to pluck and carry off in their arms, or perhaps I am so situated that I can see a far-stretching field of flowers, nodding their heads to the bees that buzz about above them. What sweet odors come to me, wafted from the field, and I sniff them with relish. Often, I am altogether too lazy to rouse myself from this absorption in nature at dinner time, when the sunset looms up before me in the west. At this time the beauty and glory of nature are most manifest. The original beauty of color in the rose, the purples and golds of the sunset, can never be excelled by any



great masters; I sit and gaze and gaze until the last dim color fades away, or until some one rudely rouses me from my stupor.

Is this spring fever then altogether bad, inasmuch as it invites one out into nature and brings the beauty in life so vividly before one? Although I am lazy and indifferent, I cannot think that the time thus spent is wasted. Sometimes my mind, unrestrained, builds a multitude of air-castles, pictures, and highly imaginative scenes, and often turns to a more spiritual side of life, for by nature is the mind easily turned toward this. In the blue sky, the green trees, and the sunset I see love, beauty, and faith.

And so it is that I welcome nature and its possessions, and cherish the relaxation in her presence as a thing worth while. Next time the spring fever seems to be getting a great hold upon you, heed nature's warning and cease striving to cast the lazy attitude aside, but go with it hand in hand, out into the open, and revel in it, and then I am sure that you will feel as I do—that spring fever is indeed a guest to be welcomed and recognized.

### Our New Bathroom

By ETHEL BUCKWALTER, College '18

You who have never lived in a parsonage cannot fully appreciate just what such an experience means. The parsonage is part of the church property, and is usually kept in repair by the board of trustees. Now this board, when a new minister and his family arrive, will meet them and conduct them through the house, pointing out its advantages and disadvantages. They will show where the previous minister allowed his children to soil the wall paper; they will hint that they hope this large family will not do so much damage to the beloved parsonage.

When we moved to a certain parsonage ten years ago, the board of trustees met us and showed us our future home. After the house had been inspected—all save one upstairs room—one of the men opened the door to this room and, beaming on our family group, said, "And now we have a beautiful surprise for you. We hope that our expenditure of a considerable sum will be appreciated." He stepped aside, and we saw a tiny white bathroom. This was indeed a luxury for a minister's family in a small town. We children were delighted. What did we care if the pipes were likely to freeze in winter, and the floor was of wood instead of tile? This latter fact led to a disaster later, however.

One day my younger sister and I were at home alone. We debated for a time which it would be best to do—play baptizing in the bathtub or sail paper boats in it. At any rate we would need a tubful of water;



therefore we went upstairs and turned it on. It came in such a tiny stream that we left it running and went downstairs again. We found something else to amuse us, and did not think about the bathroom until we heard a queer, trickling little sound. Then suddenly we remembered that we had left the water running. When we reached the bottom of the stairs we saw a stream of water pouring slowly down the steps. We hastened to reach the faucet and turn off the water. But the floor of the bathroom and hall were covered with about half an inch of water. With the aid of a great number of clean towels, often wrung out, we sopped up the water, and tried to make things appear as they had been. We were finally satisfied with our work, and started downstairs, greatly relieved. But when we reached the parlor we noticed that the ceiling had a queer, yellowish color. As we looked, a great square of plaster fell to the floor. More little squares broke loose and fell, until nearly half of the ceiling was bare of plaster. The water had soaked through the wooden floor of the bathroom to the parlor ceiling. No number of towels would help us now. We picked up the plaster and then sat down in misery to wait for our parents and the punishment we knew would come.

Now, when the board of trustees show the new minister that parsonage, they show him the little white bathroom; then they take him into the parlor downstairs and show him a big white spot on the ceiling, where new plaster has been added.



Editorials



Two New Arrivals

Since I last took pen in hand and told what seemed to me the *value* of school spirit, many things have happened. A new arrival has entered into our midst, and it goes by the name of School Spirit. What brought it on? What caused it? Never mind that! It's here! So let's try to keep it.

Will we ever forget the election and how much real sport we had out of it? True, it was a national question, and our straw vote, our parades, and our banners didn't have much influence on the outcome of the election, but it certainly put some fine enthusiasm into every Frances Shimer girl, and gave us some real fun. It made our eyes bright and and gave us "pep."

And Thanksgiving day? Wasn't it great? Then it was that we saw School Spirit demonstrated. It certainly seemed good to see the classes all together at dinner. And those toasts! We all enjoyed them. There were toasts of praise and then there were "slams" which added "spice" to the affair. And the prom—the very best part of that was the praise given by members of the other classes. That was the part that made the college girls feel that all their work was not in vain.

And then there is Nebuchadnezzar, the senior mascot, with whom we have become very well acquainted just recently. He certainly put some "pep" into all of us; he has been real sport too, hasn't he? Three cheers for Neb—!

Yes, School Spirit certainly has joined our ranks. *But wait!* There is another new arrival, with a less attractive name, who is trying to sneak in, and we must do everything in our power to keep him out! This arrival's name is Hard Feelings—a very disagreeable person to have about. As yet we haven't seen very much of him, but let's all keep guard! Once Hard Feelings has a firm footing we shall all wish he hadn't come!

So we must play fair! Just because your side or class is getting the worst of it, just because another class has made a clever move, don't fail to be a good sport, don't say it wasn't square and fair. Just be the first one to admire that clever move. Better far to have F.S.S. without



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School Spirit than to let the rogue Hard Feelings in too. Instead of spending your time finding flaws in your opponent's moves, be sure yours are all honorable—and then will the game be clean.

THE EDITOR

### Wavering

It is almost impossible to realize how near Christmas vacation is. We are all counting the days and even the hours. Now is the time that the question arises, "Shall I come back after Christmas?"

Maybe things have not gone just the way we expected them. The last three months may have held lots of disappointments for you and me. But stop and think of the good things we've had out of it all. Would you like to have missed this party or that spread? Would you like to go away and perhaps never again see the friends you've made here? And how about your school work? Has it meant so little to you that you don't even care about getting credit for it?

Are we ever satisfied if we don't finish what we begin?

THE EDITOR

### Events

#### The Susan C. Colver Lectures

Last year Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Rosenberger, of Chicago, founded the Susan C. Colver Lectureship, and Dean Shailer Mathews inaugurated the lectureship on December 7, 1915. This year the School was fortunate in securing Mrs. Maude Hessler, of Decatur, Illinois, to give the three lectures provided by this fund.

On the first evening Mrs. Hessler spoke on the question of "dress." This is by no means a frivolous question, since so much is involved in the subject. Successful dressing always unites beauty and comfort. Beauty in line and color may be had at small cost. The well-dressed girl is one who is suitably and becomingly dressed for all occasions. Clothes should be selected with reference to practical, bodily, occupational, and social needs, and also to certain moral considerations. From all that fashion has to offer we should choose what is most suitable, what will enhance beauties and conceal defects.

The "House Beautiful" was the subject of the address on the following evening. Mrs. Hessler urged women to cultivate a scientific attitude toward housekeeping and home-making. To have a beautiful home, we must choose things that have real artistic value, which mere passing



fashion cannot affect. Rules of artistic beauty do not change through the ages. The rules of design and proportion are as true today as when the Parthenon was built. In the last analysis, a successful home, from the standpoint of beauty, is knowing how to choose wisely and suitably. A house should be suited to the needs, comforts, and tastes of the people who are to live in it. At this lecture Mrs. Hessler exhibited many beautiful wall papers, drapery, fabrics, etc.

In the final lecture, Mrs. Hessler chose "A Girl's Problems" as her subject, mentioning four classes of things which a girl must consider as part of her equipment for successful living—health, human affection and sympathy, mental development, and spiritual growth. Without health we cannot be thoroughly efficient. We may control health through clothing, exercise, and deep breathing in the fresh, open air, through choice of food, and through rest and repose. The speaker thought we should train ourselves deliberately to take an interest in humanity, to cultivate a love of people in general, since the possession of this characteristic insures happiness in human relationships. Again the age calls for the highest mental development. This is practically easy to get today, when educational opportunities are so freely offered. But mental strength is not developed by easy tasks. In the past many girls and women in their lives of easy pleasure and luxurious delights have represented the leisure class, but the new duties and responsibilities of women call for a new mental preparation. In closing, Mrs. Hessler urged girls to cultivate the spiritual life, to gain an appreciation of the value of things real and abiding.

### The Election

Election morning dawned gray and murky in Mount Carroll, but the weather had no power to dampen the political enthusiasm that was everywhere evident. If the national Republican managers of the campaign had "boosted" as hard and as noisily as Frances Shimer girls did for Mr. Hughes, then G. O. P. would have been gloriously restored to its former power. Early in the morning groups of marchers, both Democrats and Republicans, appeared at different points on the campus, each faction attempting to outdo its rival in enthusiastic cheering. Finally some particularly brave Republican spirits climbed up on Metcalf tower and nailed there the portrait of their candidate, while others floated Hughes banners from the towers of College Hall. At the election which occurred in the gymnasium during the evening, Frances Shimer elected Mr. Hughes.



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## A By-Product of the Election

To the Wilsonites of the Frances Shimer School faculty not the least satisfactory result of the recent election was the luncheon given by the loyal Hughes supporters to their victorious colleagues. It must not be inferred that these luncheon-givers had recognized the error of their political ways and wished to show the luncheon-givers gratitude for the latter group's having so well steered the ship of state; such a conversion could hardly be expected of human nature. No, this luncheon had before the casting of the die been solemnly agreed upon in after-dinner conclave; as the rightful due of the victors, whoever they should be, and a safe outlet for the disappointment of the vanquished. Said luncheon was to take place on the Monday after election.

It took place. Clad in calico rags the like of which a search of Halsted Street could hardly produce, hands reddened by the hours at the washtub necessary to earn bread under a Wilson régime, faces smudged with the soot of laundry fires, hair buttoned tight to the top of the head (for what time have washerwomen to think of coiffures?), the hostesses met the guests at the door of College Hall. The guests, of course, were in silk array, for they've been prosperous for four years, and expect to be for four years more. Tears had been the meat of the hostesses day and night for a long time, they assured their guests; but they heroically put their grief aside and turned to the serving of the luncheon. Newspapers on the table, paper plates, tin cups, no cutlery at all—for had it not all been pawned?—a dry loaf, and beans served from the can!

But the Hughes party could not keep it up. In spite of themselves memories of the real prosperity of the last four years crowded upon them; their tears were dried; and as by magic newspapers, tin cups, dry bread, beans, vanished to make room for such things to eat, served in such a manner, as it had not entered the hearts of the Wilson party to conceive. Nor were material luxuries all, for the after-dinner speeches not only thrilled the listeners with their eloquence, but cast light on the cause of Mr. Hughes' defeat—he didn't select the right campaign orators. After luncheon, "dancing was enjoyed," as the amateur reporter says, "and a good time was had by all."

The Wilsonites are willing that there should be an election every year.

### Peter Pan

On Wednesday evening, November 8, the School had the pleasure of hearing Barrie's charming fairy play, *Peter Pan*, presented by Miss Caryl Cook. In the portrayal of the various characters the reader



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showed wonderful versatility. Her impersonation of the bold pirate, Captin Hook, of the motherly little Werdy, were no less artistic than her re-creation of Peter Pan, the boy who would not grow up. Into her interpretation of this character Miss Cook puts much of the youthful spirit and witchery of Maude Adams, who first made the part famous. Miss Cook is a former Frances Shimer girl, and her friends congratulate her on the success she has achieved in her work.

## Lecture by Dr. Stifler

On November 14, Dr. J. M. Stifler, of Evanston, spoke to us on the "Goal of Education—Character." He made a plea for the study and mastering of hard things, not practical, for the sake of training the mind and molding character. His talk was short and to the point and gave us each something to think about.

## Motion Pictures

On November 17, Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* was much enjoyed. The leading parts were played by Cyril Maude and Myrtle Stedman. During the intermission between reels Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite" was played on the Victrola.

## Mrs. Compton's Manager

### A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

HARRY O. OSGOOD

PRESENTED BY

THE SENIOR ACADEMY CLASS

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26, 1916

## Characters

MRS. HELEN COMPTON, a widow . . . . .	Mary Fishburn
LEONARD BARRING, her nephew . . . . .	Edith Ball
ETHEL DURAND, a cousin of Mrs. Compton . . . . .	Virginia Wales
ELPHRON VARTRAY, a landscape gardener . . . . .	Lucile Allen
JAMES HEATON, an architect . . . . .	Marian Burr
FREDERICK LOWELL, Bishop of Hoboken . . . . .	Viola Modersohn
MARGARET ROSWELL . . . . .	Gladys Orem
JACKSON, butler at "Fairthorn" . . . . .	Geraldine White
MARIE DEMARQUE, an actress . . . . .	Vivian Virgin
MRS. MCGILLION, housekeeper at "Fairthorn" . . . . .	Helen Arnot
TOMPKINS, butler . . . . .	Kathryn Marshall
WILLIAMS, maid . . . . .	Helen Arnot
WATKINS, a farm hand . . . . .	Ruby Worner

## Synopsis

ACT I.—Scene 1. At Fairthorn, Mrs. Compton's summer home. An evening in April. Scene 2. The same. Midnight the same night.

ACT II.—The same. A morning one week later.

ACT III.—At Mrs. Compton's town house, New York. An afternoon the following October.



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## Thanksgiving

At noon the School gathered in the chapel for a fifty-minute service including patriotic songs, special music, and an address by the Dean. The word gratitude was explained, and the importance of it as fine a quality of life was dwelt upon. The contribution of the home, the church, and the state was emphasized. The average home does more for the children than the state requires it to do. The church is entitled to the support and allegiance of any student body because of its contribution to the highest life. The state claims allegiance and support because of the security and protection it affords. If women are to participate in public affairs they must give attention to public problems. Participation of women in politics and statecraft may do harm and will if emotion and sentiment are given too much play.

At 1:15 the School dined, the dining-room having been decorated and lighted with candles. Several members of the Board of Trustees were present as guests. The classes gave toasts to one another and to various members of the Faculty; and brief addresses in response were made. Dinner ended at three and after an hour of intermission all gathered in Metcalf Hall to hear a play by the college girls who were also hostesses in a beautiful "prom" in College Hall at 6:45 P.M. At 9 o'clock the music ceased and at 9:30 lights were out, and another delightful Thanksgiving at Frances Shimer had passed into memory.

The program of the College vaudeville was as follows:

- A. Pianologue—A Romance of Seven Days in Seven Songs . . . Edna Shelby
- B. Com and Acro—Bat Brothers
- C. School Stuff—Five Girls Plus One
- D. Opera—Il Grand Bonfiro

Lucia . . . . .	Helen Melba
Manrico . . . . .	Marjory Caruso
Janitorice . . . . .	Alma Dufranne

Chorus—Hazel Lind, Edna Patti, Bertha Tettrazzini, Eloise Lehmann, Rachel Ruffo, Joan Scotti, Katherine Bispham, Dorothy De Reske.

Claquers—Kay Sears, Gretchen Smith, Lucile Rockwell, Leone Coshow, Enid Brown, Bernice Procknow, Kathryn Vincent, Gladys Angell, K. Seymour, Irene Gunther, Molly Womack.

Orchestra . . . . . Ruth Stephan



# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

## Expression Recital

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 5, 1916

### PART I

The Rajput Nurse . . . . .	Miss Marie Ank	Arnold
Platonic Friendship . . . . .	Miss Kathryn Sears	Barrie
The Death of the Hired Man . . . . .	Miss Dorothy Susemiehl	Frost
A Dog of Flanders . . . . .	Miss Geraldine White	Rame

### PART II

#### The House Trap

FARCE

BY

W. D. HOWELLS

#### Characters

MRS. SOMERS . . . . .	Margaret Van Voorhees
MRS. MILLER . . . . .	Katharine Marshall
MRS. CURWEN . . . . .	Elizabeth Womack
MRS. BEMIS . . . . .	Ruth Allison
MRS. ROBERTS . . . . .	Emily Kenworthy
JANE . . . . .	Beatrice Rosenberg
MR. CAMPBELL . . . . .	Helen Stephan
SCENE—Mrs. Somer's Drawing-Room	

## Frances Shimer School

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, 1916

### STUDENTS' RECITAL

Sleighride . . . . .	GLADYS DAMBMAN	Tschaikowski
Convien Partir . . . . .	RUTH PETTY	Donizetti
Sing, Smile, Slumber . . . . .	RUBY WORNER	Gounod
March of the Dwarfs . . . . .	GLADYS AUMAN	Grieg
Lullaby . . . . .	HAZEL COFFEY	Brahms
Valse in E Flat . . . . .	MARGARET RUHL	Arensky
Ah, Love but a Day . . . . .		Beach



# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Andante (from the D-minor Concerto)		Rubinstein
	MARY FISHBURN	
Songs My Mother Taught Me		Dvořák
The Lark Now Leaves His Wat'ry Nest		Parker
	HELEN GROSSMAN	
Conzertstück.		Weber
	GLADYS BENNETT	
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt		Tschaikowski
The Vain Suit		Brahms
	MISS RICHEY	

## A Letter

MT. CARROLL, ILL., December 5, 1916

DEAR MISSIS EDITOR:

Muchness of considerability have occasioned since I wrut to you lastly. Two prominents and a play have been Special Deliveried at differentiating times. It are my grateful pleasure to prescribe to you all that wents on in the ways of sociably so I take my pencil in hand to remark. Junior Class gives much feeds and dancing at party donated on Hallowe'en. Every one each decorates her in laughing gowns of disguised. Even monkeyshines and that kind of articles appearances. All say they enjoy muchness of good times at Honorable Party and proceed home to bed.

Illustrious Senior Class dulls our eyes by gloriousness of play given for Honorable Diversion Club. It are called "Mrs. Compound's Management" and girls dissopationed as young male persons embraces other young ladylikes diguised as peoples having muchly to do with young gentlemen. Play are enjoyable very much and all retire backwards feeling great pleasurableness.

Other prominents are proceeded by lots of food for Thanksgiving, and Honorable Entertaining in afternoon. After illustrious toasting and roasted at time of big food we are excited by piano and then we are also excited by hearing very surprising retorts about young ladylikes in our midst who are running for culture and beauty prizes. One lady hurts us muchly by surprising party which she smells smoke in. Honorable Acrobatics are also great aid to digestion of toasts and dinner. We go to prominent where "Mr. and Mrs. Castle" and "Oh! oh! oh!" are entertainings and where muchness of brains are displayed in fixing Inn. We spend very muchness of happiness and are feeling thankfully to Freshman College Class which are real nice.

Hoping you are the same,

OWAYA KASAIKA



### Sunday Evening Vesper

October 15.—Miss Schuster gave an organ recital at the Baptist Church.

October 22.—Miss Pierson read, "On 'Jining Farms," "The Talisman," and "The Singer Mother," all by Eugene Field.

October 29.—Miss Wallen read the story, "Father," by Roy Rolfe Gilson.

November 5.—The Chautauqua Vesper Service was used. Dean McKee gave a talk about the grades that had been sent out for the first six weeks. He also read portions of two letters, one from Miss Celestine Dahmen, who graduated from Frances Shimer last year.

November 12.—The Y.W.C.A. has charge of the vespers. The Y.W.C.A. vesper was used. The service was led by the president, Miss Ruby Worner. Miss Dale Cashow told of her experiences at the Y.W.C.A. summer conference at Seabeck, Washington.

November 19.—Miss Brown read two monologues by Robert Browning entitled, "Count Gismond" and "Andrea del Sarto."

November 26.—Miss Richey gave a synopsis of each of three operas—Gounod's *Faust*, *Il Trovatore* by Verdi, and *Lucia de Lammermoor* by Donizetti. Each opera was illustrated by selections on the victrola, including the "Anvil Chorus" and "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*, and the "Sextette" and the "Mad Scene" from *Lucia*.

December 3.—Miss Heuse read two Christmas stories: "The Spread of the Tree of Light" by Grace Humphrey, and "Santa Claus and Little Billy" by John Kendrick Bangs.

### Special Chapel Exercise

October 14.—Miss Geraldine White read "Miss Edith Helps Things Along," by Bret Harte.

October 17.—The "Soldier's Chorus" from *Faust* was played on the Victrola.

October 19.—The "Barcarole" from *Tales of Hoffman*, sung by Farrar and Scotti, on the Victrola.

October 20.—Miss Hazel Coffey played "Nocturne" by Chopin.

October 24.—The "Mad Scene" from *Lucia de Lammermoor* was played on the Victrola.

October 27.—Miss Mildred Britton wrote and read an article on "Edgar Allan Poe's Poetry," followed by the reading of "Annabel Lee."

November 3.—Miss Richey and Miss Eunice Shannon sang a duet entitled, "Goodbye, Sweet Day," by Kate Vannah. Miss Ruth Stephan was the accompanist.



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November 8.—"My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" from *Sampson and Delilah*, sung by Schumann-Heink, on the Victrola.

November 10.—Miss Kathryn Sears gave a reading entitled "The High Tide," by Jean Ingelow.

November 11.—A selection from *Aida*, sung by Caruso, on the Victrola.

November 17.—Miss Edna Shelby played "Chopin."

November 25.—Miss Ethel Buckwalter wrote and read a summary of Thomas Huxley's article, "The Method of Scientific Investigation."

November 30.—Thanksgiving service. Miss Helen Grossman sang "I Will Extol Thee." Dean McKee gave the Thanksgiving sermon.

December 1.—The Glee Club, led by Miss Richey, sang "Darky Lullabye," by Dvořák.

### The Library

Since the last issue of the *Record* the following books have been contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Rosenberger of Chicago: *How to Live*, Fisher and Fisk; *Woman's Work in English Fiction*, Whitmore; *The Woman Beautiful*, Fletcher; *The Complete Housekeeper*, Emily Holt; *Building a Home*, H. W. Desmond, H. W. Frohne; *The Social Spirit in America*, Henderson; *Social Christianity in the Orient*, Clough; *America and the Philippines*, Crow; *George Washington, Letters and Addresses*; *Abraham Lincoln, Letters and Addresses*; *What the White Race May Learn from the Indian*, George Wharton James; *Adventures in Contentment*, David Grayson; *British Floral Decoration*, R. F. Felton; *How to Judge a Picture*, Van Dyke; *Shakespeare's Wit and Humor*, Lawson; *Essentials of Human Physiology*, D. Noel Paton; *Diet in Health and Disease*, Friedenwald Ruhrah; *The Art of Longevity*, B. J. Henley; *Textbooks of Art Education*, William Norris; *The Artist's Point of View*, Royal Hill Milleson; *1912 Edition of Home Building and Decoration*, Henry Collins Brown; *Lessons from Greek Pottery*, Huddilston; *Portrait Life of Lincoln*, Francis Trevelyan Miller; *Among the Great Masters of Music*, Rowlands; *Japan, Menpes*; *The Second Post*, E. V. Lucas; *Some Aspects of Thackeray*, Lewis Melville; *Sir Walter Scott*, G. Le Grys Norgate; *Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney*, Tinker; *Conklin's Vest-Pocket Writing-Desk Book*; *1,000 Blunders in English Corrected*, Harlan H. Ballard.

Miss Martha Green of Chicago, has contributed: *Ivanhoe*, Scott; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare; *Odes and Epodes*, Horace; *Henry Esmond*, Thackeray; *Beatrice Leigh at College*, Schwartz; *History*



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of England, Macaulay (5 vols.); *Library of Universal History*, Moses Tyler (Vol. VII).

The following were contributed by Mr. and Mrs. LePelley, Freeport, Illinois: *Austria*, Abbot; *China*, Boulger; *Egypt*, McCoan; *Ireland*, Thebaud; *Norway*, Sorensen; *Sweden*, Nillson; *Japan*, Dickson; *Palestine*, Kitto; *Turkey*, Clark; *Holland*, Crattan; *England*, Green (4 vols.); *Russia*, Rambaud (2 vols.); *Scotland*, Scott (2 vols.); *India*, Wheeler (2 vols.); *United States*, Hawthorne (3 vols.); *Germany*, Menzel (4 vols.); *Rome*, Gibbon (6 vols.); *France*, Guizot (8 vols.); *Peru*, Prescott (2 vols.); *Greece*, Grote (12 vols.); *Mexico*, Prescott (2 vols.); *Spanish America*, Hawthorne; *Spain*, Wilberforce; *Italy*, Abbot; *Tish*, Rhinehart; *Penelope's Progress*, Wiggin; *The Man on the Box*, MacGrath; *Susan Clegg and Her Friend*, Mrs. Lathrop, Warner.

### U.M.C.A. Notes

The following officers were elected in September for the year 1916-17: President, Ruby Worner; Vice-President, Dale Coshaw; Corresponding Secretary, Lucile Rockwell; Recording Secretary, Frances Sutter; Treasurer, Gertrude Thurston.

The regular weekly meetings of the Association are held on Wednesday evening directly after dinner. The attendance has averaged above 40.

A particularly successful group of meetings was chosen from "School Girl Ideals." The course contains nine chapters, each dealing with some problem of everyday life. Among the topics treated are friendship and hospitality.

During the second week in November the Association observed World Fellowship Week. The meetings were held each morning immediately after breakfast. The most helpful and the most largely attended meeting of the series was the one lead by Mrs. J. M. Stifler, of Evanston. The subject was "The Women of the Orient and Their Needs."

Early in October Miss Corbett, student secretary for the Central Field, visited our Association. She met the chairman of every committee, helping each one by many valuable suggestions to organize and plan her work for the year.

The Bible-Study Committee has organized two voluntary Bible-study courses. One, for Academy girls, under the leadership of Dale Coshaw, is studying "Jesus among His Friends"; the other, for College girls, is led by Mrs. McKee. The class is studying Mathew's *Social and Ethical Teachings of Jesus*.



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The Association with the assistance of faculty and pupils contributed \$30 to the Syrian Relief Fund.

The sixth annual bazaar under the auspices of the Social Service Committee was held Saturday evening, December 9. The sales amounted to over \$105. The committee extends thanks to the faculty, the students, and to all old Association members who helped to make the bazaar a success by their generous contributions.

The Social Committee gave the regular Association Christmas party on Monday afternoon, December 11. Following the plan of past years, the program included the observance of several old Christmas customs—the bringing in of the Yule log, lighting the Christmas candles, burning the Christmas fagots, hanging the holly wreath, and the singing of old carols by a group of "Mummers" in quaint old English costume. The program ended with the appearance of Santa Claus with a large pack that contained a stuffed stocking for each one. These were distributed around a tree prettily lighted with tiny colored electric lights. After refreshments of wassail and individual Christmas cakes, Santa Claus threw a huge Christmas ball up among the crowd. The one fortunate enough to catch it removed the outer layer of paper, appropriated the gift that she found, and again tossed it among the uplifted hands. This was repeated until every wrapper had been removed.

The Association made its annual contribution to the "White Christmas" in Mount Carroll. The fund was spent by the local committee in helping a little six-year-old boy.

### Alumnae Association Notes

Membership dues in the Association for the year June 1, 1916, to June 1, 1917, are now due. We hope that all present members will retain their membership and thus lend their interest and aid to the organization, as well as their help to support the publication of the *Record*. One hundred and thirty-eight graduates are now enrolled as members. Are you one of them? If not, why not send in your membership dues to the secretary-treasurer? Do it now.

The following new members have been added since the last issue of the *Record*: Helen Moore, '16; Hazel Rollins, '12; Jeannette Patterson, '16; Evelyn Swanson, '16; Dell Henry, '16; Ruth Shannon, '16.

The Alumnae article for this number of the *Record* is contributed by Sarah Mackay Austen of the class of 1902. After her graduation from Frances Shimer, Mrs. Austen received her Bachelor's degree from the University of Illinois, and later did graduate work at Vassar and Smith



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colleges and at the University of Michigan. Mrs. Austen lives at 107 Fairview Avenue, St. Paul.

A branch of the Alumnae Association was organized in Los Angeles on November 4 at the home of Miss Eva Roberts, 2214 Eighth Avenue. The following were present at the meeting: Izelle Emery Scott, '05; Blanche Emery Brownell, '03-'05; Pauline Hayward Kreuter, '05; Edna Ames, '00; Hazel Evans Bixby, '08; Blanche Phillips, '05; Frances Roberts, '11; May Jocelyn, '12-'13; and Eva Roberts, College '11. The officers of the Association are Eva Roberts, president; Hazel Evans Bixby, secretary-treasurer. They plan to meet four times a year. The next meeting will be a luncheon, which is to be held on the third Saturday in January. Mrs. Jessie Riley Abbott, '92, of Rawley, and Kathryn Garretson of San Diego, although unable to be present, both expressed interest in the organization and hoped to be present at the next meeting.

The Chicago Association of former students of the School met on December 16 at the home of Mrs. Andrea Hofer Proudfoot, 5116 Dorchester Avenue. Miss Marie Hofer, '87, was the hostess. Mrs. Bonnie Ridgeway Chave, 1505 East Sixty-fifth Place, is the secretary of the Association.

### Class Notes

#### Freshman

On Monday, November 27, the class went to "Katie's" for breakfast. Everyone had lots of waffles and a good time.

At Thanksgiving dinner the Freshmen had a table with Miss Brown at the head. They gave toasts to Miss Brown, the Juniors, the College Freshmen, the Sophomores, and Mary, the cook.

#### Sophomore

One Monday afternoon the Sophomore class gave Miss Hastings, their counselor, a picnic party at "Katie's." Everyone enjoyed herself exceedingly. Miss Hastings gave a tea to the class in Faculty Parlor, West Hall, in November.

#### Senior

Hurrah! The Seniors have their privileges.

It has been too cold for picnics of late, so the Seniors have been enjoying cozy spreads in the President's room, and Sunday-night suppers in Hathaway Parlor before the hearth fire.

The Senior play, *Mrs. Compton's Manager*, took place with great pomp and ceremony. Edith Ball played the part of a dude cleverly, and



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Lucile Allen made such a good-looking man—you know the kind, the arrow-collar advertisement kind—that some of the girls quite lost their hearts.

Listen! The Seniors have adopted the *Gray Elephant* for their mascot.

### Freshman College

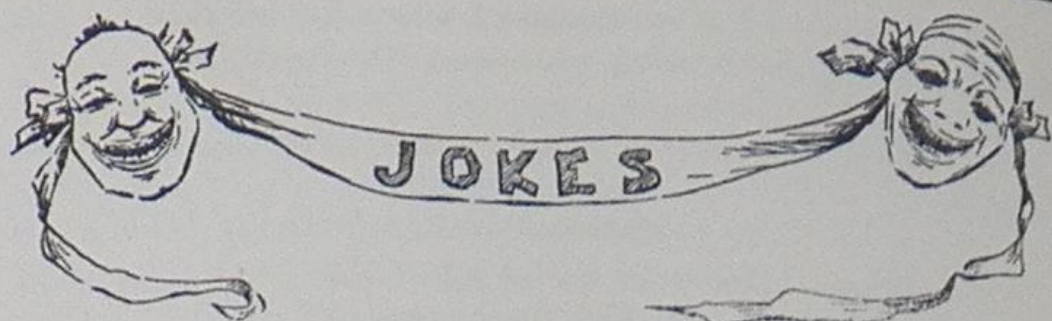
The Freshman College class elected Miss Smith as their class counselor.

On the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, November 30, 1916, the Freshman College class entertained the School with a program of "Verdant Vaudeville." In the evening the annual Thanksgiving Prom occurred.

### Sports

Tennis and golf, so much enjoyed during the lovely fall days, have given place to basket-ball and "gym" work. There has been a basket-ball team training since September for the big Thanksgiving game. This game came on Thanksgiving morning and caused much excitement. At the end of the first round the Maroons had the advantage by a large majority, but later the game turned in favor of the Golds; the final outcome was 19:15 in favor of the Gold team. The playing was splendid on both sides and the teams seemed evenly matched.





K.V.: "I wonder if everyone has as much trouble keeping their glasses clean as I do."

C.H.: "You shouldn't give people such *dirty* looks."

I.—*A Tale of the Sea.*

"You poor fish."

"Well, don't crab about."

II.—*A Tale of the Air.*

"Do you like birds?"

"Yes."

"Kiss me for a lark."

"Did you ever see—a swordfish or a stone fence? A band box or an ink stand? And did you ever hear the shoe blow its horn, a pillow tick, or the floor mop? Or see the corn prick up its ears or the potato wipe its eyes? Did you ever see a clock ring its hands or a table cross its legs?"—Exchange, L.H.S.

*Curious One*: "How did you fare with your carving Thanksgiving day?"

*Miss Hastings*: "Oh, I managed to make both ends meat (meet)."

*P.C.* (taking her place at her new table): "Do you serve lobsters here?"

*Teacher* (at head of table): "Yes, we serve everyone. Sit down."

~~Do You Know Her?~~ (continued)

1. This teacher tall and fair

Is in a class beyond compare.

2. There is a girl named . . . ?

Who is so very petite

But is not so very neat,

And she sure has got big feet.

(Call at editor's office and receive your apology.)



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3. Here's to one of the Seniors,  
Who, in spite of her fiery hair,  
Plays the game with a vengeance  
And is always *fair* and *square*.
4. To separate them would be mean,  
For they are *always* together seen.  
You will always find them over in West,  
And they give the teachers there no rest—  
These two of class '19.

*Midi Catt* (leading Y.W.C.A.): (After Miss Smith had just finished speaking) "Have any of the *young* girls anything to say?"

### *Remarkable Remarks:*

"Well, what does this mean?"—E. Morrison.

"If you but knew . . . ."—R. Stephan.

"There is a discrepancy somewhere!"—Miss Wallen.

"It's licking good."—Miss Pollard.

*M.W.* (after running upstairs): "Oh, I'm just panting and panting!"

*Steve* (drawing powder puff from her pocket): "Well, puff awhile."

*Helen M.*: "What is the hypodermis on a beau for?"

*Eunice S.*: "What does a "katydid" say?"

## Thanksgiving Toasts

### College Girls

Tune: "Pom Pom"

Morry's here, Morry's there, Morry's always everywhere  
Morry knows, Morry goes after all noise,  
Morry's wise, Morry spies every sort of a disguise  
Such as rouging and painting and powder.  
Morry's fair, Morry's square,  
Helps you out of every snare  
As a principal brave she holds sway.  
Makes you glad, makes you sad, and  
She sometimes makes you mad,  
But she loves us all the same,  
And she is not so bad.



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## Juniors

### To the Freshmen

Tune: "Babes in the Wood"

We'll hold your hand, we understand  
You're in a strange, strange land.  
Come, dry your eyes, we'll sympathize,  
Like a father, mother, brother.  
The rules are new,  
But you'll get through  
Just as we want you to.  
So just work the way you should  
And be very very good,  
Little Babes in the Wood.

## Sophomores

Tune: "My Coal-Black Baby"

We've got an awful hunch  
We like that college bunch,  
They keep us on the go from morning 'til night.  
We buy 'em Katie's eats,  
They want good movie seats;  
Say, girls, that's where my money goes!

## Sophomores

Tune: "Evelyn"

Oh, Seniors! Oh, Seniors!  
You're far beyond your green years,  
You've got the style and zip and go  
You never heard that word called slow.

Oh, Seniors! Oh, Seniors!  
You're surely all O.K.,  
You're witty and you're pretty,  
You're nifty and you're gritty.

Oh, Seniors! Oh, Seniors!  
We're toasting you today.

## Seniors

The elephant's a husky beast  
His debut—this Thanksgiving feast  
A mascot fit for any queen  
He serves our class of '17!



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## Freshmen

Here's to the Sophomores,  
Old and wise, with heads of such terrible size.  
Just take a look at them,  
You'll see why we pity them,  
You'll see by the look in their eyes,  
A Sophomore's brain in a small space lies.

## Mrs. Miles

"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
"To talk of many things—  
Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax,  
Of cabbages and kings,  
And why the sea is boiling hot,  
And whether pigs have wings"—  
And where the Seniors got their brains  
And whether they will pass,  
And when they'll get their privileges,  
And why a cow eats grass,  
And why golf balls are sometimes round,  
And if it's really true  
That Dean McKee and the Faculty  
"Have it in" for me and you,  
And why our feet stay on the ground  
When our heads are in the air,  
And if the present styles in shoes  
Might be considered rare,  
And what made Wilson president,  
And why, and when, and where,  
And which, and whose, and what, and whence,  
And how, and who, and whither,  
And if the cow that jumped over the moon  
Will ever again come hither,  
And why we all love picnics,  
And whether we like hash,  
And if a request for cottage cheese  
Would be considered rash,  
And when Miss Richey really plans  
To charm us with her singing,  
And why the bell in Metcalf Tower  
So seldom's heard a-ringing,



And why the studio's up so high  
 While the gym is in the cellar,  
 And when a girl is dressed too loud  
 Why *doesn't* someone tell her,  
 And why some of us are so fat  
 While others folks are thinner,  
 And whether it would help at all  
 To go without our dinner,  
 And of who won in basket-ball,  
 And the way-up cost of living,  
 And whether any of us will be  
 Miss Sellers' guests after Thanksgiving—  
 And on and on and on and on  
 For a day, or a week, or a year,  
 But we haven't time for the entire list,  
 So I think we'll stop right here.

### Exchanges

*College Greetings*, Jacksonville, Ill.—While we enjoyed reading "Matanzas Reflections," "A Senior's Version of Matanzas," and "The Saving Grace of Humor," we would like to "tip you off to the fact" that marshmallow has two "a"s in it, humor has a "u" in it, and in the abbreviation for haven't, hasn't, and didn't, the apostrophe is between the "n" and the "t."

*Tabula*, Oak Park, Ill.—Your stories are very clever and interesting. The jokes in the Smiles Column are mildly funny; too many pages are devoted to "Smiles," don't you think?

*The Midway*.—We enjoyed the sweet, short stories in *The Midway* for November, 1916. "Gone" rather reminded us of what we imagine "Diamond Dick" stories to be. We wish to congratulate you on your one poet. Where, oh, where are your jokes?

*The Pharetra*.—You really are quite a favorite with us. Your magazine is so well balanced and the stories are so interesting.

We also wish to acknowledge receipt of *College Breezes* and *Tradesman*.

### The Scattered Family

Beatrice Spalding, '10-'11, is nursing in Chicago.

Norma Gjertson, '14-'15, is studying stenography in Minneapolis.

Kathleen Burns Muir, '12-'13, is now at McGlynn Cottage, Vassar College.



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Louise Reichelt, '13, is a Senior at the University of Colorado in Boulder.

Esther Clarke, College '15, is teaching in the high school at Marseilles, Ill.

Ruth Crocker, '14, is enjoying her work at James Millikin University at Decatur, Ill.

Margaret Lawson, '94, is this year at Faribault, Minn., at the Institution for the Blind.

Agnes Collins, '14, spent the Thanksgiving vacation with Dorothy Fargo, at Lake Mills, Wis.

Frances Roberts, '11, is an illustrator for the art department of a wholesale firm in Los Angeles.

News has come to the School of the death of Martha Powell, '75, in October, at her home in Sutherland, Ia.

Gertrude Shaw, '14, is taking a two-year normal course in the Northern Illinois Normal School at De Kalb, Ill.

Gladys Bennett, '15, is teaching near her home in Thomson, and continues her work in piano at Frances Shimer.

Helen Cribb, '12, is completing her Senior year in the Nurses' Training Course at Saint Barnabas Hospital, Minneapolis.

Mildred Johnson, '16, who is teaching in Muscatine, Ia., spent a week-end with friends at the School during November.

Dorothy Lee Britton, '14-'15, graduates this year from a two years' kindergarten course at the Teachers' College, Indianapolis.

On November 5, the engagement was announced at Spencer, Ia., of Lorena Tuttle, '11-'12, and Rush Smith, also of Spencer, Ia.

Clara Louise Walker, '15, and her mother are spending a winter in California. Her address is The Rampart Apartments, Los Angeles.

An interesting card has been received from Mrs. J. Fred Ferger, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who attended Frances Shimer Seminary in 1878-79.

Mrs. Winnifred White Meyer, '12-'13, visited at the School in October, a guest of her sister Geraldine. Mrs. Meyer lives in Belvidere, Ill.

The *Record* acknowledges a picture of a future Frances Shimer girl—Elizabeth, the five-year-old daughter of Jessie Matkin Fisher, '01, of Danville, Ill.

Miss Elizabeth Connor, formerly instructor in English at Frances Shimer, is now head of the Mount Wilson Solor Observatory Library in California.



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Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richardson (Virginia Platt, '12-'13) announce the birth of a second son, Malcolm, on December 6. They are living at Wellesley, Mass.

Helen Kingery, '14, after a year at De Kalb Normal, is applying her theories of education to the pupils of Mission Ridge School near her home at Chadwick, Ill.

Dora R. Spath, '13-'14, is secretary for a firm of architects in Minneapolis. Last year she taught shorthand and typewriting in the St. Cloud Business College.

Ivy Caldwell Goodman, '11, has moved from Goodman, Wis., to Marinette, for the winter. Her small son, Owen, is now nineteen months old, robust and sturdy.

Miss Hobson, lady principal at Frances Shimer, '10-'13, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Chicago at the Autumn Convocation.

Mabel Booth Brewer, '94, of Bozeman, Mont., was a recent guest of the School. Mrs. Brewer's two daughters, Gertrude and Helen are enrolled as pupils this year.

Elizabeth Higgins Mexton, '93-'94, is the wife of Dr. Louis Mexton of Oak Park. She has two children, Arthur, a high-school Senior, and Elisbeth, a little fifth-grade girl.

Mrs. Judith Weill Lowenthal, '01, was elected second vice-president of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association at the state convention of that organization held at Springfield in October.

Mrs. Frances Bartholomew Bailey, of the original class of eleven of the old Seminary, died in July at Salem, Ore. Florence Bailey Farnsworth, also a former pupil of the Seminary, died in February.

Ruth Shannon, '16, sends an interesting account of her work at Chicago Musical College and of the plans to present a play in the Ziegfeld Theater at which there are to be "critics and everything there."

Doris Leach, '13, has renounced the gaieties of sorority life at the University of Minnesota, and is teaching in the State Reform School at Sauk Center, Minn. Her days are full of interesting and thrilling experiences.

Celestine Dahmen, '16, is planning to enter the University of Chicago after Christmas. She visited Sophia Pool, '11-'12, at Frankfort, Ky., in November. An interesting letter of hers to the Dean was read in chapel in November.

Miss Anne B. Grimes, College '12, stumped the country for Hughes as field organizer of the woman's committee of the Hughes Alliance.



## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Last year she aided Dean Marshall of the University of Chicago in research work.

The name of Marian Flint, '14, was not included in the list of Frances Shimer girls attending college. Marian is taking the primary course at Drake University, and writes that she "did not imagine any work could be so fascinating."

Marion Threshie, '12, attended the wedding of Gladys Weld at Fort Atkinson, Wis. She is planning to spend the winter at Daytona and Palm Beach, Fla., after being with her brother for the Christmas holidays at Annapolis.

Laurel Gillogly, College '12, is a Senior this year in the University of Wisconsin. She writes of her interest in her university work, and of her enjoyment of the life in the Cottage of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae where she resides.

Elsie Comstock Doyle, '04, of Davenport, Ia., sends a breezy letter with the money for the *Record* subscription, telling of her remembrances of school days at Frances Shimer, and of her two little boys. She wishes the swimming pool success.

Many former Frances Shimer teachers and pupils who have enjoyed the hospitality of "Northwood," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mackay, will sympathize with Mrs. Mackay (Susan Hostetter, '76) in the death of Mr. Mackay, which occurred during the summer.

Mrs. J. Harold West (Mabel Percival, '11-'12) writes: "My husband and I were quarantined six weeks this summer with scarlet fever. While we were shut in, one of the *Records* came, and what a time I had waiting so long to read it, for I didn't want it brought in, so I would have to burn it!"

Annette Hutchison, '14, writes of the death of her mother at her home in Mineral Point, Wis., last June. In addition to being the home-maker, Annette is assistant instructor in the municipal gymnasium, a member of several clubs, and superintendent of the primary department in a Sunday school.

Mrs. Mary Gould Brooke sends to the *Record* a copy of the "Pillar Edition" of the Eaton (Ohio) *Democrat*, issued under the auspices of the Women's Civic League of which Mrs. Brooke is the vice-president. At present the league is interested in preserving some historic pillars of the old court house.

Hazel Rollins, '11, writes of an interesting reunion of former Frances Shimer girls held at the home of Mary Hall, '09-'10, in Evanston in honor of Ivy Caldwell Goodman, '11, of Goodman, Wis. Among those



# THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

present were Georgia Hale Trumbull, '09-'10, Ruth Earhart, '09-'10, and Miss Bowman, a former instructor in the School.

Eva Roberts, '11, was among the volunteer workers at the Los Angeles municipal playground camp in the San Bernadino mountains during August. Here two and thirty of the city's poor women and children found health and recreation. Miss Roberts is recording secretary and director of the Juvenile Protective Association of Los Angeles.

The Peoria *Evening Star* of Wednesday, September 27, 1916, in an account of the seventieth anniversary of Bishop Hill, Ill., an interesting Swedish settlement, contains the following item concerning a former Frances Shimer girl, Evelyn Swanson, '15, "The presence of three young ladies dressed in ancient Swedish costume also attracted considerable attention with their bright-colored aprons and white caps. One of them, Miss Evelyn Swanson, aged eighteen, was a particularly interesting character. Being a natural blonde and dressed in a complete outfit that was brought over some threescore years ago by her grandmother, the make-up was typically Swedish in every way. Her grandmother, Mrs. Mary (Malgrem) Olson, who was also present, was the first child born in the colony. The date of her birth was December 27, 1846."

## MARRIAGES

In Savanna, Ill., November 15, Miss Louise Miles, College '13, to Mr. Hans P. Greison.

Miss Idell Miles, '80, of Manchester, Ia., to Mr. John Hall Sherwood, of Boston, in June, 1916.

Arlyne Marie Hausen, '11-'12, to Mr. Lyle McLin Theno, on October 24, at Fort Atkinson, Wis. At home, 304 Grove Avenue, Fort Atkinson.

Gladys Weld to Mr. John W. Roberts, on November 14, at Fort Atkinson, Wis. At home after December 20, at 404 Maple Street, Fort Atkinson.

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